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Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY DUGANNE.

Tell me ye who long have dwelt

All the mazes of the heart—

Are not life and death still wed?

Or the other each a part?

Once a gentle form before me

Spoke a light and sweet and true—

Holy eyes were bent on mine,

Mute on my spirit's glow.

Like a star that falls through heaven

Once upon me shone a love—

For a moment only given,

Then recalled to high above.

Once my soul was faintly plighted

To a holy one of earth—

Like two music notes united,

Notes that sever in their birth.

Not severed we, though parted,

Still in truth our souls are one,

Though on earth the god-like heart

Hath her blessed mission done.

With the chain that formed our union

Still in truth our souls are wed—

Even now in sweet communion,

I am drawn towards the dead.

In the spirit's tranquil vesper

When the prayer of love ascends,

Then a sweet, responsive whisper

With my voiceless music blends.

Tell me, then, ye spirit-seers,

Is not life of a death a part?

Is not love the chain of being

Of the dead and living heart?

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Model American Center.

LOVE OR MONEY.

BY PHIL BRENDEL.

CHAPTER I.

The last pile of gold was rolled in by the

crookier, and General Beresford rose from

the gaming table. It was already morning,

and the gray light fell heavily upon his

worn face, making the card-table which

he had summoned forth to win the com-

monious of his ruin.

"Well, gentlemen, we leave the play as

for one of seeing the sun rise, and an op-

portunity for enjoying an early start in the

world. No more play until to-morrow, I ap-

pose. Well, I am content, though it would

have been more fortunate for my old hat had

I left you at three o'clock. I have lost my

heartily for the last time. Adieu."

He left them with a graceful smile.

"Rather heavily," whispered one of the

profession to his fellow, "why, it would be

have been an enormous claim on his for-

time, as it was six months ago, and the

time, as it was six months ago, and the

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time, as it was six months ago, and the

daughter, would be forced to look for a mis-
erable existence to her husband, a stranger
in blood and a man no better than myself.
No, no. If four thousand pounds can save
me, I will be what I was a year ago. Em-
ily, weak, tender girl, can refuse me noth-
ing. One more trial, and the brave man
laughs at fortune."

The youth, whose sudden appearance had
lurched on this determination, looked up at
the building which General Beresford had
just left, and shook his head sadly, but would
not recognize the utterance of thoughts that
framed themselves distinctly within him
without the need of words.

CHAPTER II.

It was the morning of her twenty-first
birthday, and Emily Morton stood alone in
her chamber, looking out from her window
at the sun rising over the sea. Happy in-
deed was she in her independence, for now
she could give to the influence of her heart,
Henry Stanton, a hand which had only
been held hitherto by a parent's dis-
patch. Even if she had disregarded
this, there was another obstacle in her way—
her poverty, and her own want of command
over her little property until she became of
age. Now the time had come when the
prejudices of another, prejudices that she
knew to be unreasonable, would become a
powerless, and when she could judge for
her own happiness in life. Yet she tender-
ly loved her father, and was not quite sure
whether her own wishes ought to have more
influence with herself than the basest an-
tiquities of another, since that other was
the one to whom she owed her being—
There was some weakness in her character,
though most of it was apparent and tempo-
rary, for she had always depended upon
others, and had never yet stood firmly by
herself.

She was called beautiful, though one
would have been puzzled to mark out dis-
tinctly her style of loveliness. It was not
stately nor soft—it was neither magis-
tic nor tender, but a rare combination of the
two, each being its own individuality, yet
retaining enough of its peculiar claims to
begetherness with the other. Her part-
ing lips spoke of softness, her large, gleam-
ing eyes, of a noble spirit, but their long,
travelling lashes, that were wont to quiver
upon her cheek, expressed some irresolu-
tion, and easily aroused suspicion as to her
feelings. This is the idea which would be
gathered from the first glance by an ex-
perienced observer, but when those fine eyes
are full opened, reflecting in unadorned
language the noble confidence soul within,
he would easily perceive that the quick sus-
picion, inseparable from rapid thought,
could only be more than a rapid thought,
the clear bright faith of her sunny spirit.
A smile, and often would cry for a me-
lancholy in her face, but it would be am-
ply recompensed by the full and un-
appreciated of right, which was sure to
follow.

Just as General Beresford reached his
room, he found a letter from Emily Morton.
It was a long letter, and it was written in
a very beautiful hand. It was a letter of
love, and it was a letter of hope. It was
a letter that would make him a father, and
it was a letter that would make him a son.
It was a letter that would make him a man,
and it was a letter that would make him a
king.

"Or happier than my kind father, I trust,"
said Emily, "but I fear that you are not so.
You look pale, worn, and so you have looked for some
time past. Will you not tell me your case?
Perhaps, I can assist at least I will try to
my own to pay for a cure. Thank Heaven,
however, I have had time enough to leave
Emily's portion untouched. I am met her
now on her birthday, and under a full ac-
count of the whole; but when that is done,
I am without a sixpence, wholly dependent
on a child! Now, I might make my own
choice. Either quit London at once, and
ruralize with her for the rest of an honest
life upon her money, or try my luck with it
more. Probably I should fall against it
these accomplished scoundrels, but I might
win, and then she would be none the wiser,
—both of us all the happier for it."

As he walked along, slowly tempting
himself in this manner, a young man pass-
ing by saluted him. This simple thing set-
tled his mind.

"And if I do not relinquish this money,

it will speedily pass to him, and I, who

could scarcely bear to live under my own

father's obedience. But this cannot be all of

it, still enough to be personally indignant at

to prevent this, he impressed every point

of his loss, and not solely because the fraud

had injured her. But this spirit had been

unperceived, and was trilling in comparison

with the high soul that crushed his first ap-

pearance. He was a better man for his

thoughts. Nothing now remained but to
devote himself to his profession, and a daily
life regard to high principles in its practice.
This he did.

In three short years he became a leading
member of the bar. Within this time, Em-
ily Beresford, reduced to poverty by the
surrender of her legacy and her father's suc-
cumbent when he had lost the last prospect
of success, was forced by necessity to accept
the offer of marriage which her beauty
drew from a wealthy sexagenarian. He
died soon after their union, and left her as

One day a new client entered Stanton's
office. His appearance was gentlemanly
and polished, but Stanton conceived an
unaccountable repugnance to him before he
had even uttered a word. The man was
evidently very respectable, and on that ac-
count, thought the other, the more to be
distrusted. The magnitude of a fraud is
often increased by the deceiver's dangerous
respectability in society, as he very well
knew. His client proceeded to open the
case in the terse style of a business man.

"My fellow executors and myself wish
to retain you in a suit which is to be insti-
tuted against us by the widow of a deceased
friend. She makes heavy charges of de-
ceit and downright embezzlement of her
husband's property, which was willed to
her, subject, of course, to his debts. These
charges, upon almost the entire amount, as
we can readily prove. You will have an
easy case, if we may judge by the standing
of the counsel upon the other side, for a
pretty country attorney, named Thorpe is
the only man whom the poverty of Mrs.
Morton will allow her to employ. We—"

"Mrs. Morton?" said Stanton, suddenly.
"Is this lady the wife of Mr. John Morton,
a rich merchant?"

"She was until within a few months—
As for his being a rich man," continued the
other, "winning under the word, 'that is a
matter, as we can prove. The public was
deceived as to his wealth.'"

"I cannot accept your retainer in this
case," exclaimed Stanton, with energy.

"What! are you already engaged upon
the other side?"

"Depend upon it, sir, that if I do set in
this matter it will be for the plaintiff," re-
plied he, coolly, yet with decision.

The other hesitated for some time in serious
reflection. If he should gain this suit for
her, and indeed why should he not be ex-
changed on the subject? He knew
that he had been misjudged, and though
motives, and in the question which had
distrusted them? But he threw away this
thought and only considered that it would
render her an excellent service, and indeed
secure her independence for life. True he
had not been invited to act, but then he
need not appear in the transaction. That
he should be so in the affair he hardly
believed from various circumstances, and
which would be less embarrassing than this
unpleasant silence. She first recovered her
self-possession, and opened the conversa-

tion with the natural talent of her ex-
cellence, and she soon replied with equal ease.
They talked together for some time thus
coolly, until the sudden opening of a door
above, the quick step of a man descending
the stairs, and the hasty entrance of Mr.
young man already greatly distressed by the
case, interrupted them.

"The documents are now ready for
your signature, Mrs. Morton. Ah! Stan-
ton, an unexpected pleasure. You should
have called to congratulate me on our suc-
cess in the case, or rather I should congrat-
ulate you now upon your victory, for it be-
longs to you."

He stopped; he knew from Stanton's
face that he had been saying something
wrong, and in smoothing it over, only blun-
dered himself into any other error, he might, dared worse.

"Excuse me—seeing you with Mrs.
Morton—supposed all right—my dear madam,
Bless me, my dear madam, you are unwell."

"Indeed, I am unable to sign the papers
now—I am faint," she whispered, grasping
the chair for support.

"Your salts—where are they?—glass of
water—these stupid servants—get it
myself," stammered Thorpe, rushing from the
room.

"It was you, then," said she faintly—

"You have nobly answered my question,
Henry, if you can, forgive me."

"All—all!" he cried. "But you must
forgive me too. My motives were not
wholly untainted; though, believe me, I
did not feel it then."

"We will both forgive," said she smiling
through her tears, and then adding playfully,
and both forget money or—"

"Not love! dear Emily, we will not for-
get that." They could not indeed, for her
head rested on his shoulder and his lips on
her cheek.

At that instant a hasty step was heard,
and Thorpe rushed in, carefully balancing a
glass of water.

"Thank you for your kindness, Mr.
Thorpe, but but, I have really quite re-
covered," said she, with a smile that puzzled
the worthy attorney for many a day.

CHAPTER IV.

A lowering afternoon, some few months
after the trial, found Henry Stanton rid-
ing to the next circuit. The sky had been
threatening for some time, but his profes-
sional engagements admitted of no delay,
and he spurred on more rapidly as the mas-
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He had remained there but a few min-
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scious of his presence. He rose, and stood
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time in three weary years. She recogniz-
ed him and a deadly faintness came over
her, but woman's pride is strong, and she
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the usual greeting, and then they sat stud-
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OUTWITTING JOHNNY BULL.

A correspondent of the New York Spirit
of the Times tells of one of our cute Yan-
kees, with big pretensions, who made his
debut into the upper province, and settled
in a community "congenial to his taste."

Brother Jonathan found himself consid-
erably involved, and turned his attention to
the "stays and delays of the law." He dis-
covered that a certain amount of property
could be held, which was not subject to sei-
zure, and also the specific articles was there
laid down. Accordingly he provided him-
self with such things as was lawful, and dis-
posed of all else as being superfluous. The
extra cash "properly cared for," Jonathan
felt easy quite. He had a very fine hog,
the proper quantity of feed for it, and every
thing of use.

"Something was burning," for the neigh-
bors smelt it, but it was too late.

To outwit the Yankee was now the only
thought of Jonathan's creditors. The hog
was the "one item of the law," by which
Johnny Bull was to retrieve a part of his
loss, so he agrees with a neighbor to have
one small shoit presented to the Yankee,
and then seize the pig one.

Jonathan chuckled at the idea, for he had
a small of things at once. He told Mr.
Bull to "bring the critter up next week."

It was accordingly brought, Mr. Bull
first having the law and officer at hand to
make the seizure as soon as Jonathan be-
came the "proprietor of two hogs."

The pig-my was personally presented,
when Jonathan remarked—
"Twasn't a patchen to one he killed
yesterday, nor never would be, for it weigh-
ed 600 pounds, neat weight, and he guess-
ed he'd sell this to any body that wanted
one to buy."

Bull felt a pain in the lumbar region of
his back bone, but not relishing the loss of
both pig and money, offered to buy it.

"Can't sell that for anything but cash,"
replied Jonathan. "Times are mighty hard,
that's a fact, but if you'll give me one dol-
lar in cash, I'll trust you for the balance!"

Bull slanted.

WITICISMS.—An exchange paper men-
tions the seizure of Mr. George Day by a
dog, and says the "dog had his Day" that
time.

Another says, "We saw a man give an-
other a tremendous kick, which sent him
sprawling on the pavement. From this
movement it struck us that the parties were
not on the most friendly footing."

Another says, "A gentleman was pass-
ing under a scaffold, when a brick fell upon
his head. His hat, which the missile per-
forated, broke the force of the blow. Al-
though a strong temperance man, this brick
in the hat compelled him to knock under for
the time being. He is of the opinion it is
safer to be on than under the scaffold."

Another says, "Some blood-thirsty fellow
says that mosquitoes are a wise provision
of nature, to reduce the plethora superin-
duced by hot weather—he hars mosquito-
bars, and thinks it better to furnish drafts
for mosquito bills than doctor's bills."

in every possible light, so forcibly upon his
memory, that Thorpe was enabled, with his
armor, to contend with center and more
skillful minds.

It is needless to particularize further—
The trial was long and hotly contested, but
the right conquered. It might be difficult
to say whether the opposing parties were
more astonished or disgraced by their de-
feat. Enough that they suffered both—
The result placed Emily Morton in posses-
sion of an ample fortune. True to his word,
Thorpe had mentioned no name, though she
knew that some one had interfered, and vir-
tually thrown success into her hands. Per-
haps she had her suspicions, but upon such
slight foundations, how could she speak?

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